SIEGE™: EPILOGUE

THE SENTRY

Gifted with the power of a million exploding suns, Bob Reynolds counted the world's greatest heroes among his closest friends—as the Sentry. He was happily married to Lindy Lee and, along with his partner Scout and mechanical servant CLOC, battled his arch-nemesis The Void – and no one remembers. Upon discovering that The Void was actually the dark half of his own persona, The Sentry wiped the memory of his career from the minds of nearly everyone on Earth, including himself.

The Sentry later reappeared and became a member of the Avengers. But his damaged psyche fractured further along the way and The Void began to reappear. Following Norman Osborn's rise to power, The Sentry joined Osborn's sinister Avengers. Manipulated by Osborn, The Void took more control than ever before, twisting reality and reversing death to suit his whims.

In order to cement his control over the Sentry, Osborn had Lindy killed by the villainous Bullseye. Days later, The Sentry helped lead Osborn's siege on Asgard, bringing the floating city crashing down to Earth.

Fully unleashed, The Void assaulted the assembled heroes. As a last-ditch effort, Iron Man brought the H.A.M.M.E.R. Helicarrier down on The Void like a massive bullet. Regaining his senses, Bob begged to be killed. And when The Void seized control again, Thor finally ended the troubled life of Bob Reynolds. With Bob's remains laid to rest in the sun, a small group of heroes have gathered to remember their friend as he once was…

WARNING: READ SIEGE #4 BEFORE THIS BOOK!

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JUST YOU AN' ME NOW, BUD.
RRF
C'MON. NO ONE ELSE IS GONNA SHOW.

THE SENTRY
FALLEN SUN
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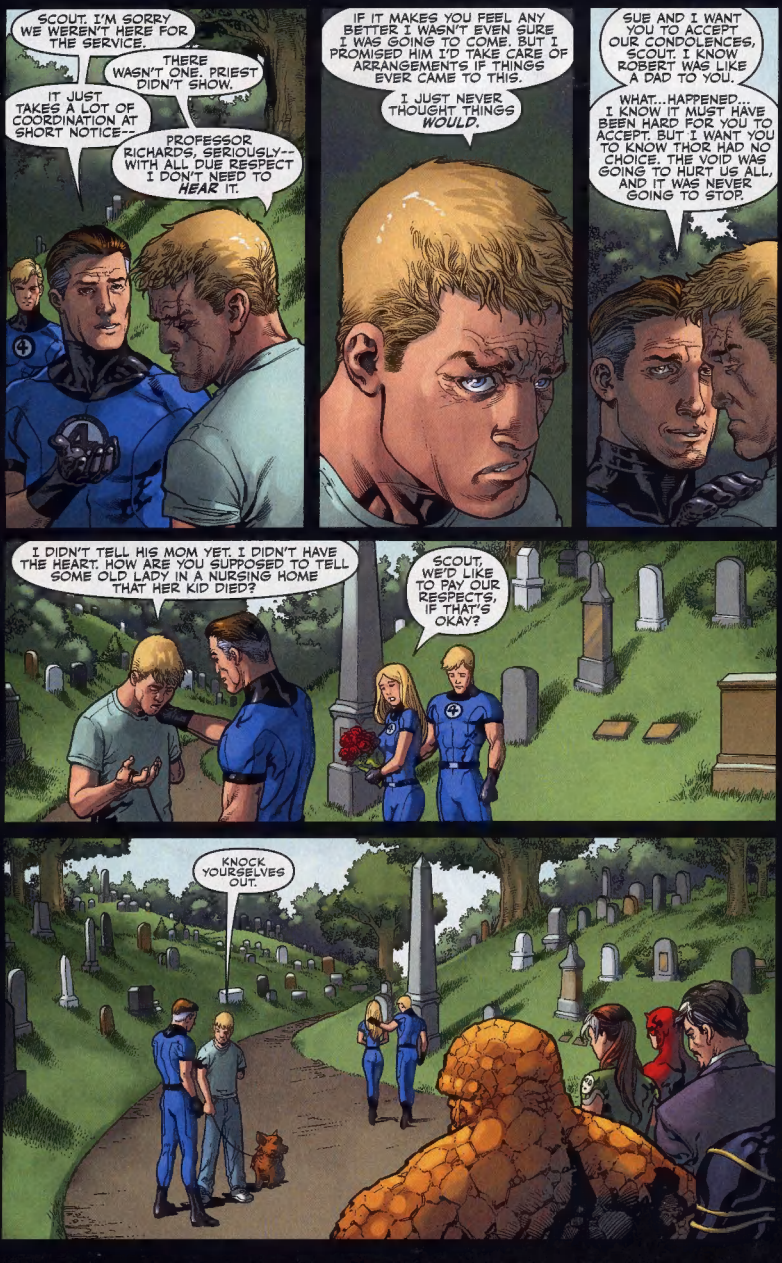
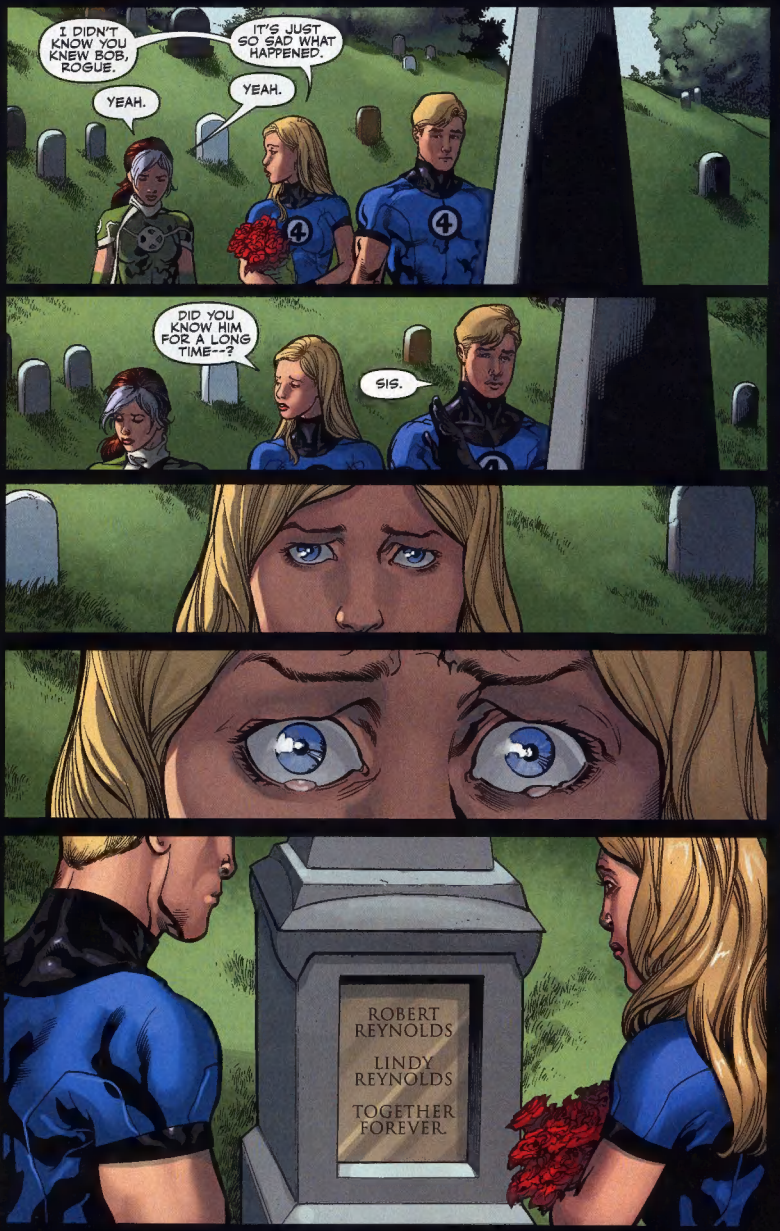

SCOUT. I'M SORRY WE WEREN'T HERE FOR THE SERVICE.
THERE WASN'T ONE. PRIEST DIDN'T SHOW.
IT JUST TAKES A LOT OF COORDINATION AT SHORT NOTICE--
PROFESSOR RICHARDS, SERIOUSLY--WITH ALL DUE RESPECT I DON'T NEED TO *HEAR* IT.
IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER I WASN'T EVEN SURE I WAS GOING TO COME. BUT I PROMISED HIM I'D TAKE CARE OF ARRANGEMENTS IF THINGS EVER CAME TO THIS.
I JUST NEVER THOUGHT THINGS *WOULD*.
SUE AND I WANT YOU TO ACCEPT OUR CONDOLENCES, SCOUT. I KNOW ROBERT WAS LIKE A DAD TO YOU.
WHAT...HAPPENED...
I KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN HARD FOR YOU TO ACCEPT. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW THOR HAD NO CHOICE. THE VOID WAS GOING TO HURT US ALL, AND IT WAS NEVER GOING TO STOP.
I DIDN'T TELL HIS MOM YET. I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART. HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO TELL SOME OLD LADY IN A NURSING HOME THAT HER KID DIED?
SCOUT, WE'D LIKE TO PAY OUR RESPECTS, IF THAT'S OKAY?
KNOCK YOURSELVES OUT.


I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW BOB, ROGUE.
YEAH.
IT'S JUST SO SAD WHAT HAPPENED.
YEAH.
DID YOU KNOW HIM FOR A LONG TIME--?
SIS.
ROBERT REYNOLDS
LINDY REYNOLDS
TOGETHER FOREVER.

...THE SENTRY WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO ME. AND I REGRET I WASN'T ALWAYS A BETTER FRIEND TO HIM.
I HAVE STRUGGLED WITH THE DISEASE OF ALCOHOLISM. NOT ALWAYS ALONE. I'VE MADE SURE MANY OF MY FRIENDS HAVE SUFFERED ALONG *WITH* ME. SOME OF YOU GUYS INCLUDED.
THOSE ARE ALWAYS DIFFICULT WORDS TO SAY OUT LOUD: *"I AM AN ALCOHOLIC."*
IT'S A SICKNESS AND A CHOICE AND A CURSE ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.
THE THING ABOUT ALCOHOLISM IS THAT YOU CAN NEVER PREDICT YOUR LOWEST POINT, THE ONE THAT GIVES YOU CLARITY, UNTIL YOU *HIT* IT.
YOU MAKE EXCUSES ABOUT THE REAL REASONS YOUR WORLD IS FALLING APART. YOU FIND WAYS TO PICK A FIGHT WITH YOURSELF WHEN YOU'RE ALONE IN A ROOM.
I KNOW BOB TOOK THAT CONCEPT TO LITERAL EXTREMES AS HE STRUGGLED AGAINST THE DARKNESS INSIDE HIM.
LIKE BOB, I SOMETIMES ALLOWED MY DARKNESS TO HURT OTHERS. MANY OF YOU KNOW ONLY TOO WELL HOW I WAS AT TIMES.
I'VE REJECTED AND DESPISED EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU AT SOME POINT.
I DID THE SAME TO BOB. QUITE A FEW TIMES, AS A MATTER OF FACT.
BUT THE THING IS...*EHH*...EVEN IN MY DARKEST MOMENTS--ESPECIALLY IN THOSE TIMES--BOB WOULD ALWAYS FIND A WAY TO COME BY AND CHECK IN ON ME.
DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HE WAS DOING. EVEN WITH THE WORLD WEIGHING ON HIS SHOULDERS AT TIMES, HE'D ALWAYS COME. EVEN IF HE COULD ONLY AFFORD A MINUTE.
HE BROUGHT ME A LOT OF LINDY'S RECIPES, AND ALWAYS SAT WITH ME TO MAKE SURE I *ATE*.

He couldn't tell me what was happening to him. Now I think of all the times I let him see this stupid, artificial rage I'd made for myself as an excuse. I'd get lazy and pretend it was the alcohol talking. As if alcohol talks.
I had no idea the extent of his struggle with the void.
I remember him telling me one time: counteract the poison. Be on the side of the pure.
Always try your best to make the right choice, he'd say.
And in the end it began to rub off on me.
I couldn't affect the past and I couldn't end the craving but I could always be in control of the CHOICE.
I've brought something to share. It's kind of symbolic.
It's about CHOICE.
Tony?
I realize it's kind of weird accepting a beer from a drunk, but Bob liked a beer every now and then, so beer it is.
And a water for myself.
Because as a good friend once taught me, I always have a CHOICE.

I WISH SPIDEY WOULD'VE COME BY.
I SAW HIM THE OTHER DAY. HE SAID HE HOPED YOU'D UNDERSTAND. AND THOR, TOO--
YEAH.
THOR? REALLY?
"HE SAID HE UNDERSTOOD PEOPLE MIGHT NOT WANT HIM HERE, GIVEN WHAT HAPPENED.
"HE DIDN'T WANT TO DISTRACT FROM WHAT WAS GOING ON."
♫ It was fascination ♫♫ I know and it might have ended right there ♫ from the start ♫
♩ Just a passing glance ♩♫ Just a brief romance ♫ And I might have gone on my way ♩ empty-hearted ♫
♩...GONE ON MY WAY...EMPTY-HEARTED...♫
HELLO, MRS. REYNOLDS.

YOU'RE THE BOY FROM SWEDEN.
YES. WE DANCED AT ROBERT'S WEDDING.
SUCH A LOVELY WEDDING.
AYE.
I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE...WOULD YOU PERMIT ME THIS DANCE, MRS. REYNOLDS?
SUCH A LOVELY WEDDING. ROBERT WAS SO HANDSOME.
AYE.
SO HANDSOME, ROBERT. AND THAT GIRL IS SUCH A LOVELY BRIDE.
AND THAT SWEDISH BOY! SUCH A GENTLEMAN.
MRS. REYNOLDS, I WOULD THAT THIS COULD BE ANY OTHER WAY.
I HAVE COME TO BRING YOU NEWS OF YOUR SON.

IT'S AMAZING THAT A MAN WITH THE POWER OF A MILLION EXPLODING SUNS COULD TEACH ME ABOUT DARKNESS.
THE THING I'LL REMEMBER MOST ABOUT BOB...
...IT'S A VERY SMALL MOMENT...
...BUT IT'S THE THING I REMEMBER MOST EVEN THOUGH IT'S SOMETHING NO ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER.
"THE FIRST TIME HE REMEMBERED WHO HE WAS...THAT HE WAS NOT JUST THE SENTRY BUT ALSO THE VOID...WE ALMOST LOST HIM THAT DAY.
"WE STRUGGLED LIKE MANIACS TO REACTIVATE THE WATCHTOWER SO THAT EVERYONE WOULD FORGET HIM ALL OVER AGAIN.
"AS WAS TYPICAL WITH BOB, IT WAS CONTROLLED CHAOS."
WE'VE BOOSTED THE SIGNAL TO ALMOST THREE TIMES ITS ORIGINAL OUTPUT. I'VE SENT MYSELF FALSE INFORMATION THAT'LL MAKE ME BELIEVE THIS WAS A LOCALIZED TEMPORAL ANOMALY. IT'S NOW OR NEVER, ROBERT--
ROBERT? ARE YOU WITH ME?

YOU'RE FIGHTING IT, AREN'T YOU?
YES.
DON'T FIGHT. WIN.
JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT...
...ONE MORE MOMENT...
"AND I WATCHED HIM FIGHT IT LIKE NO OTHER MAN COULD.
"WHAT HE WENT THROUGH THAT DAY NO ONE WILL EVER UNDERSTAND."
HE GAVE MORE THAN HIS LIFE. HE GAVE UP THE POWER OF A GOD FOR THE SAKE OF US ALL. HE ALLOWED US TO FORGET HIM ALL OVER AGAIN.
THE ULTIMATE ACT OF HEROISM IS TO BE A HERO WITHOUT RECOGNITION.
RUFF

CLOC?
CLOC, YOU DO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED? AND YOU UNDERSTAND WHY IT WAS NECESSARY?
WE CAN HELP YOU, IF YOU WANT US TO.
MY MASTER INSTRUCTED ME TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING, REED RICHARDS, IN THE EVENT HE WAS UNABLE TO PERFORM HIS DUTIES.
THIS IS HIS PERSONAL DIARY.
CLOC...
YOU ARE TO READ THE LAST SENTENCE ON PAGE NINETEEN. THEN YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.
...I CAN'T...
PAGE NINETEEN.

I WILL REBUILD THE WATCHTOWER IN ANTICIPATION OF MY MASTER'S RETURN.
CLOC, TRY TO UNDERSTAND--
I WILL REBUILD THE WATCHTOWER IN ANTICIPATION OF MY MASTER'S RETURN. THIS SHALL BE DONE AT A PREDETERMINED LOCATION BELONGING TO REYNOLDS HOLDINGS, LLC.
ATTEMPT NO CONTACT. ALL INTRUDERS WILL BE EXTERMINATED UPON DETECTION.
CLOC--
ATTEMPT NO CONTACT. YOU ARE NO LONGER PERMITTED ENTRY.
PEEEP

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT ROBOT. BOB PROGRAMMED HIM WITH SOME KIND OF "FUZZY INSTINCT."
I KEPT TELLING HIM THEY'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.
HE NEVER LET ANYONE SEE THAT DIARY, AS FAR AS I HEARD. WHAT'S IN IT?
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SAY.
YEAH, WELL. IF I KNOW BOB...
...I MEAN IF I KNEW HIM...
...IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST. IT'S PROBABLY THAT RECIPE FOR THE SAUSAGE AND HABANERO DIP HE ALWAYS BROUGHT TO PARTIES.
THE STUFF THAT TASTED LIKE ONION FUDGE?
YUP. WATCHDOG WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO ATE IT. IT MADE HIM FART LIKE A DOBERMAN.
REALLY THAT BAD?
HOW D'YOU THINK I LOST THE ARM?
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE VOID.
IT WAS THE SAUSAGE DIP.

...I REMEMBER WE USED TO GO BOWLING AND THE BOYS WOULD ALWAYS TRY TO OUT-CHEAT EACH OTHER.
I THINK BOB WON WHEN HE SENT REED'S BALL INTO NEGATIVE SPACE ONE TIME...
...AND ON BEHALF OF THE X-MEN I WISH TO EXPRESS OUR CONDOLENCES TO THE FAMILIES OF BOTH ROBERT AND LINDY REYNOLDS. MAY THEY ALWAYS BE TOGETHER, UNITED IN THE HEREAFTER...
I HAVE SEEN MANY FRIENDS COME AND GO BUT NONE HAS SHONE AS BRIGHTLY AS BOB REYNOLDS, THE SENTRY.
IF NOT FOR HIS TIMELY ARRIVAL DURING OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE GENERAL--
--I'M CERTAIN WE WOULD ALL BE IN A VERY DIFFERENT SITUATION TODAY...
...EPITOMIZED ALL THAT WE ENDEAVOR TO BE WHEN WE ARE AT OUR VERY BEST.
I WILL MISS HIS WISE COUNSEL, AND ABOVE ALL, HIS UNWAVERING SUPPORT DURING MY OWN DIFFICULT TIMES...
THIS IS HARD.
SNIFF
I MEAN...YOU KNOW...
I WENT FOR THE LONGEST TIME BEING UNABLE TO TOUCH ANYONE. HE WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HUG ME. AND NOW HE'S GONE.
I CAN'T DO THIS--
WAITAMINNIT. DID SHE--
YEAH.
I MEAN DID THEY--
YEAH.
HOW LONG?
I DON'T KNOW. SHE JUST TOLD US ON THE WAY HERE.

...SO I LOOK UP, AND THERE'S THIS ARMY OF MOLE MEN JUST STANDING THERE. AN' I'M THINKIN', "THIS IS IT. I'M TOAST."
AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN BOB STANDS UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM AND SHOUTS, "NOW!" AN' THEY START SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY"--
HA HA HA HA HA HA
BEN?
IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO SAY?
I HATED HIM.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S A SECRET TO ANYONE HERE.

BEN, THIS ISN'T THE TIME--
HEAR ME OUT. IT'S NO SECRET I HATED HIM.
I GUESS THE SECRET PART IS WHY.
I NEVER SAID WHY. AN' NOW I'M GOING T' SAY IT.
"THIS WAS WAY BACK WHEN. WE WUZ COMIN' BACK FROM A PUBLIC APPEARANCE AN' WE RUN HEADFIRST INTO THE WRECKING CREW.
"PRETTY DANGEROUS SITUATION: A LOT OF PEOPLE MANGLED IN THEIR CARS AN' A SCHOOL BUS PUSHED DOWN SOME SUBWAY STEPS.
"AN SOMEHOW I FIND MYSELF STARING DOWN THE BUSINESS END OF THE WRECKER'S CROWBAR, AN' I'M PISSED.
I'LL KILL YOU--
--NNEHHH!
TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUTTA MY MOUTH, YA UGLY SACK OF MEAT.

YOU THINK YOU CAN COME HERE AN' JUST ATTACK PEOPLE WHO CAN'T FIGHT BACK--?
BEN. THAT'S ENOUGH.
IT AIN'T ENOUGH! HE TRIED TO MURDER A BUS FULL OF KIDS--
YOU'RE KILLING HIM. LET HIM GO.
BEN... STOP!
SO HE BEAT YOU ARM-WRESTLING. YOU WERE ANGRY BECAUSE YOU GOT PUNKED.
THAT HAD NUTHIN' TO DO WITH IT, JOHNNY.
SIX WEEKS LATER, THE WRECKER BUSTED OUT OF A S.H.I.E.L.D. PRISON IN IDAHO.
HE WENT TO THE CLOSEST TOWN--A PLACE CALLED RIVER CROSSING--AND HE FOUND A BUS FULL OF KINDERGARTEN KIDS AND KILLED 'EM JUST TO PROVE A POINT.

THAT KINDA STUFF CAN HAPPEN, BEN. YOU KNOW IT CAN--
I WASN'T ANGRY 'CAUSE OF THE BUS.
I WAS ANGRY BECAUSE HE WAS *RIGHT.* WE DON'T KILL THE BAD GUYS JUST BECAUSE THEY KILL OTHER PEOPLE. WE BRING THEM IN, AND THE COURTS BRING THEM JUSTICE.
HE WAS RIGHT, AN' IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW I LOOK AT IT; I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO ACCEPT IT.
I NEVER FORGAVE THE SENTRY FOR BEING A BETTER MAN THAN I AM.
WELL, HERE'S TO YOU, CHIEF.
I FORGIVE YOU NOW.
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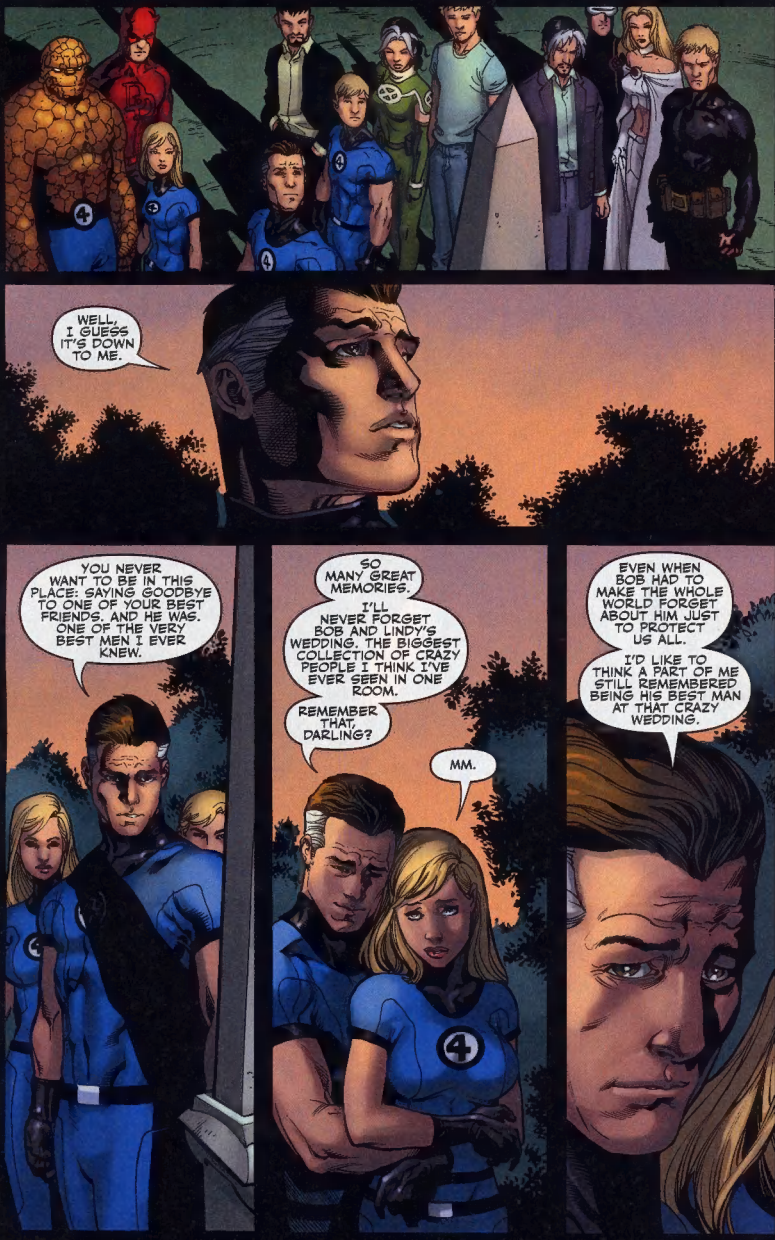
WELL, I GUESS IT'S DOWN TO ME.
YOU NEVER WANT TO BE IN THIS PLACE: SAYING GOODBYE TO ONE OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS. AND HE WAS. ONE OF THE VERY BEST MEN I EVER KNEW.
SO MANY GREAT MEMORIES.
I'LL NEVER FORGET BOB AND LINDY'S WEDDING. THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF CRAZY PEOPLE I THINK I'VE EVER SEEN IN ONE ROOM.
REMEMBER THAT, DARLING?
MM.
EVEN WHEN BOB HAD TO MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD FORGET ABOUT HIM JUST TO PROTECT US ALL.
I'D LIKE TO THINK A PART OF ME STILL REMEMBERED BEING HIS BEST MAN AT THAT CRAZY WEDDING.

MY FRIEND ROBERT REYNOLDS WAS THE BEST OF US. HE WAS A MAN WHO SACRIFICED HIS OWN HEROISM FOR THE SAKE OF ALL MANKIND.
HE WAS A MAN WHO SHOULDERED THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD. I THINK, PERHAPS, THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER COULD.
IT'S APPROPRIATE THAT WE'VE ALL COME HERE TO REMEMBER THE BETTER PART OF THE MAN WE LOVED, AND TO RECALL THE SACRIFICES HE MADE ON OUR BEHALF.
WE'LL SAY FAREWELL UNDER THE EYE OF THE SUN, WHERE HE WILL NOW REST FOR ALL ETERNITY.
SOME SOULS BURN BRIGHTER THAN OTHERS. SOMETIMES WITH THE POWER OF A MILLION EXPLODING SUNS.
BUT IN THE END, THE SUN SETS FOR US ALL.
"IT ALWAYS SETS
"FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US."

"BUT THE SUN ALWAYS RISES.
"AND EVERY TIME IT DOES, SENTRY...
"...I WILL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU."
FIN